



I WAS A TEEN-AGE SLIDE RULE

In a recent learned journal (*Mud*) the distinguished board chairman (Ralph "Hot-Lips" Sigdson) of one of our most important American corporations (the Art Mechanical Dog Co.) wrote a trenchant article in which he pinpointed our gravest national problem: the lack of culture among science graduates.

Mr. Sigdson's article, it must be emphasized, was in no sense derogatory. He stated quite clearly that the science student, what with his grueling curriculum in physics, math, and chemistry, can hardly be expected to find time to study the arts too. What Mr. Sigdson deplores—indeed, what we all deplore—is the lopsided result of today's science courses: graduates who can build a bridge but can't compose a concerto, who know Planck's Constant but not Botticelli's Venus, who are familiar with Fraunhofer's lines but not with Schiller's.

Mr. Sigdson can find no solution to this hideous imbalance. I, however, believe there is one—and a very simple one. It is this: if students of science don't have time to come to the arts, then we must let the arts come to students of science.

For example, it would be a very easy thing to teach poetry and music right along with physics. Students, instead of merely being called upon to recite in physics class, would instead be required to rhyme their answers and set them to familiar tunes—like, for instance, *The Colonel Rapsy March*. Thus recitations would not only be chock-full of important facts but would, at the same time, expose the student to the aesthetic delights of great music. Here, try it yourself. You all know *The Colonel Rapsy March*. Come, sing along with me:

Physics

Is what we learn in class.

Einstein

Said energy is mass.

Newton

Is highfalutin

And Pascal's a saint. So's Boyle.

Do you see how much more broadening, how much more uplifting to learn physics this way? Of course you do. What? You want another chorus? By all means:

Legden

He made the Legden jar.

Trolley

He made the Trolley car.

Curie

Radi is a survey.

And Dicon's a saint. So's Boyle.

Once the student has mastered *The Colonel Rapsy March*, he can go on to more complicated melodies like *Death and Transfiguration*, the *Erwies*, and *Love Me Tender*.

And when the student, loaded with science and culture, leaves the classroom and lights his Marlboro, how much more he will enjoy that filter, that flavor, that



pack or box? Because there will no longer be an uneasy gnawing at his soul, no longer a little voice within him repeating that he is culturally a dolt. He will know—know joyously—that he is a fulfilled man, a whole man, and he will bask and revel in the pleasure of his Marlboro as a *collé* rolls in new grass—content, complete, truly educated—a credit to his college, to himself, and to his tobaccoist!

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And while he is rolling, cult-wise, in the new grass, perhaps he would stop long enough to try a new cigarette from the makers of Marlboro—unfiltered, king-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!